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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901. NUMBER 4

GOD and man hath linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstanding, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not in conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort of their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers on earth.

—*William McKinley in the Buffalo Address.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Search for An Infidel

A SEQUEL TO JESS:

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Twelve delightful essays dellvered by the author generally on return from his summer holidays.
The *"Living Church,"* Milwaukee.

I am glad you wrote "Jess" and the other book.—Anonymous Correspondent.

For saints and sinners of every kind, inspired by charity and common sense.—*"Telegraph,"* Philadelphia.

There is a healthy optimism which is invigorating.—*"Advertiser,"* Boston.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who not long ago sent among the readers of the world his "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has turned out another equally interesting, instructive and refreshing book. Refreshing, because it is one of the best vacation volumes that can be carried into the country. Its title may not be the happiest that could have been chosen, but after all, it is not likely that "A Search For an Infidel" will be rewarded by finding one. It may properly be deemed a nature book, for it is full of lessons, the objects of which are within the reach as well as the comprehension of every reader. How to make vacation profiitable mentally, morally and religiously is the aim of the author. He has succeeded wonderfully in harnessing objects and facts as the bases of his exquisite diction. The book takes the form of sermons—sermons with such starting points as "The Spade and the Pruning Hook," "The Dead Tree," "The Gospel of the Desert," "Water," "The Night Blooming Cereus," "Voices of the Night, a "Sunday on the Sea," "Guide Boards," and the "Everlasting Love." There is just enough of practical theology in these pages to indicate that there is practical religion in the world. The style is broad enough to suit every desire, and there is neither liberal or pious cant in its phraseology to mar its usefulness. No reader who starts in this "Search for an Infidel" will fail to be richer in the appreciation of what we call vacation time by what he captures, even if he does not come up with the infidel.—*"Eagle,"* Brooklyn.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, SETEPMBER 26, 1901. NUMBER 4

It is worth while working away at UNITY, at least so the present writer thinks, as long as such letters as this reach the editorial desk: "It has been sixteen years since I became a reader of UNITY, and never a week in all that time has it failed to bring me good cheer, spiritual as well as mental food."

It is gratifying in many ways to know that Siam has appointed a citizen of the United States, the Hon. Frederick W. Holls, to represent it in The Hague Court of Arbitration. Thus the family circle is being widened and race and national lines are blurred, not in the confusion of darkness but in the clearness of a growing light.

Here is a refreshing item from over the sea given in a recent number of *The Advance*. Six colored delegates to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference registered at St. Ermin's Hotel in London, whereupon two hundred American guests arose in their dignity and demanded that the colored visitors be expelled on threat of their own retiring. We are glad to know that the English landlord was democratic enough to hold to his colored guests. The two hundred "snobocrats" had not left when last heard from.

The Tenth Universal Peace Congress was opened at Glasgow on the 10th inst. A full program has been prepared. The United States will be represented by at least four worthy delegates—viz., Edward Atkinson, Edwin D. Mead, Lucia Ames Mead and Benjamin F. Trueblood. On the day preceding the opening of the Peace Congress the Society of Friends arranged for a "Conference of the Churches." Thus, spontaneously, without collusion and prearrangement, the spirit of unity manifests itself. The message of the Congress of Religion is being emphasized in many ways and in many lands.

Would it not be well for the complacent "society woman" of America,—not to speak of the men,—to take upon their hearts this burden of Lady Somerset in an address on the opening of the Summer School of Temperance? She said:

> England is in a frightful condition, as far as the liquor traffic is concerned. If anything, it is growing more drunken than less. Our women are becoming more addicted to the drink habit. I don't like to say that I'm discouraged, but I am. The problem confronting us is more serious even than it is in America. I fancy I shall go to the States next year to have some consultations. While I am indeed sad over our failure to secure proper legislation to assist in the temperance work which we English women have attempted, I have reason for much hope in the very existence of such an organization as these young women in my house today represent. In fact, these girls are the influence which, a generation from now, shall bring about the legislation which today we are failing to accomplish.

From a private letter from one of the leading ministers of America we make the following extract:

"Do not fail to read carefully Mr. Edmond Kelly's new book, "Government of Human Evolution." Mr. Kelly, as you may know, was lecturer of civics in Columbia College until obliged to return to Paris for professional reasons. He was, as you may remember, the founder of the City Club and Good Government Club in New York City. Had he been able to stay with us he would have been an invaluable citizen. He has taken up his pen in a series of books which I think are without parallel in their line in the English tongue: "Evolution and Effort," "Justice" and "Government, or Human Evolution." The first two prepare the way for the last volume. It is a profoundly able argument. Scientific in temper, philosophic in analysis and judicial in spirit. As written by a corporation lawyer, it is very significant. It is likely to have great influence with professional and business men. As a sign of the time I know of nothing more striking.

There lies before us a clever though grim cartoon reproduced by the *Literary Digest* from the Philadelphia *North American*. It shows "Uncle Sam" carrying off in his market basket three more islands of the West Indies—viz., St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John. Beneath the picture runs the legend: "It is better to buy them than to fight for them". There is something ghastly in the suggestion that they have been bought by the United States for $4,480,000, when it is followed with the information that there are only 32,000 people on these islands, as if they came too high, averaging as they do $140 per head. It doubtless is a more natural affiliation. The United States should be a better "big brother" to these islanders than Denmark can be, but one would suppose a republic would remember that the citizens themselves ought to have something to say about it. If the United States and Denmark have struck a bargain, the bargain ought to be of no avail until ratified by the parties primarily concerned. When the people of these islands say amen to the bargaining then, and not till then, should we the people say Hurrah! and Welcome!

The *Advocate of Peace* is responsible for this quotation, taken from the words of Corporal Diffenderfer, whose home and friends are at West Chester, Penn. He was attached to the Forty-fourth Regiment, which was situated in the Isle of Panay in the Philippine Archipelago. He said: "There was a somewhat remarkable scene when we left for home on account of the wives which many of the soldiers had taken to themselves while on the island. The women over there are purchased for from $5 each upward, and nearly every soldier has one. When we left it was impossible for the men to bring them along, but when we arrived at the port from which we sailed it was found that one of the governors of a province had sent

about one hundred of the wives to the port, and every one of them wanted to come along. There was no end of trouble until the matter was adjusted by the officers, who persuaded the women to remain at home." We print the above quotation in all its barren hideousness. If it is not true it should be promptly denied in the most efficient and official manner. The army ought not to rest under such an imputation if it be false. If it is true then again it deserves publicity, that the American people may understand the horrible demoralizations that follow an army, particularly when it becomes resident among a foreign and presumably an inferior people. Such facts as these have become so patent and of such long standing in connection with the English army in India that they have become the available stock in trade in the Kipling class of literature. Is the army of the United States, which has an indefinite period of service before it among Asiatic peoples, to follow in the same line of degradation?

A new shudder of horror should pass over the civilized world over recent disclosures from South Africa, which go to show that England is resorting to the mliitary strategy that made the name of Weyler infamous—i. e., the reconcentrado camp. It is doubtless a brilliant strategic movement, for when the men on the front line know that their wives and children are huddled together within the guard line of the enemy and that they are there dying from disease, homesickness and discouragement, surely their arms will grow nerveless and their hearts will droop. Besides this method of seige will surely bring peace at the end, but it will be the peace characterized by President McKinley as being "begotten of the wilderness and the grave." We wait anxiously for some official denial of the following statements copied from two prominent English dailies. We give them without further note or comment at this time:

"At the end of July the total number of people in different camps in the Transvaal was 62,479; of whom some 10,000 were men, over 23,000 women, and over 28,000 children of fro mone to twelve years of age. The total number of deaths in July was 1,067, of which 860 were children. In the Middelburg camp alone there were 342 deaths, mostly from measles. At Potchefstroom, where there is also a very large camp, there were over 133 deaths, including 109 children."—*London Standard.*

"The annual death rate among the children in the Transvaal camps is about 370 per 1,000. In less than three years, if the war goes on and the camps remain as deadly to their inmates, everyone of these babies, our prisoners, will be dead. The death rate for men, women and children in these Transvaal camps, was at the annual rate of about 210 per 1,000. That is to say, if the present arrangements were maintained for five years, every Boer inmate of the camps, man, woman and child, would be dead. There is no parallel in history, as far as we know, to this process of extermination, steadily continued month after month, in which the enemy's casualties in the field seem likely to be completely eclipsed by the holocaust of women and infants."—*Manchester Guardian.*

In these days of waning theological interest when the divinity schools are trying to account for their diminishing lists, one is led to ask some of the fundamental questions concerning the minister's vocation and the way it is met by the ministers of today. One of the functionaries of the McCormick Theological School of Chicago recently undertook to account for the small number of new students matriculated on the score of the hard times of recent years, the diminishing income of pastors, etc. But all these reasons seem to us superficial, and they offer unconsciously an indignity to the ministerial profession. The true young man likes a hard job. There is always a heroic element in human nature that rises to great undertakings. When properly appealed to human nature does not flinch great tasks. Young men may avoid the ministry because the minister's place is too well padded; his message has been too much diluted, and consequently his place seems unimportant. If there were more men in the ministry after the stamp of the late lamented Bishop of Durham, Doctor Westcott, hard times and poor pay would not intimidate the new candidates. This man set himself to the high tasks of a peacemaker, who a week before his death said to a great audience of miners that during the eleven years of his administration of the bishop's office he had "solemnly given himself to set forth quietness, love and peace among all men." To the clergymen of his diocese he said: "The glory of a nation lies not in supremacy but in service. We must strive that other nations no less than our own may be able to gain their own development. * * * The object of sincere aspiration in one generation becomes the sure possession of the next. If the thought of international concord is welcomed the most powerful nations will recognize that there is true strength and glory in generosity." In this high, pacific service and practical ministry of reconciliation the bishop did not abandon the scholar's task. The *Advocate of Peace* says: "In the realm of Biblical scholarship Dr. Westcott had few if any superiors, but he believed that Christianity was for life rather than for study. Thus he became a true 'overseer of souls'." When there are more ministers of this type there will be more young men and women to take up the tasks.

Roosevelt's Opportunity.

Theodore Roosevelt assumes the reins of government under trying circumstances. Obviously he is President by accident rather than by choice. It is scarcely to be assumed that the Republican party would have given him the second place on their ticket in 1900 had it been known that he would so soon be called to the responsibilities of chief executive. He also has the disadvantage of following a man affable, genial, with the power of making friends and avoiding enemies, always a grace though not always a virtue. The circumstances as well as the young man's good judgment required of him the pledge of perpetuating the administration of the dead President rather than creating an administration of his own.

Notwithstanding all this, the young President is confronted with certain splendid opportunities which his well known independence, his fearless frank democracy, and his record as an executive in the city and state of New York give large grounds for the hope that he will be a man equal to his opportunities. Without violating his pledge to continue the admin-

istration of Mr. McKinley, it lies within his power to intensify the accents and actualize the claim and boast of that administration, supplementing the same with certain initiatives that will prove Theodore Roosevelt President on his own account, creator of a memorable administration and worthy the confidence that will look to him for a second administration.

First of the opportunities that await him is the opportunity of strengthening and extending the civil service reform in a more fearless and aggressive fashion than has ever yet been realized by any presidential administration since the inauguration of the reform. Each year has ripened the public mind and rendered the conscience of the country more sensitive to the disappointments and the reactions which have marred preceding administrations. President Roosevelt has few political debts to pay. If we understand him right, he has little skill in political bargaining. It is within his power to hold the political vultures and party bosses at bay while he attends to the business of the United States with characteristic energy.

In the second place, while it is not within the direct power of the President to do much in the way of formulating the legitimate conditions of capital, the proper boundaries of Combines and Trusts, it is within his power to prove beyond peradventure that no plutocracy can sway the man in the White House, that while he is mindful of the public interests represented at Wall Street, he does not take his orders from that place of the money changers and that in the great pending struggle between capital and labor he is President of both factions, a connecting link between both, and to a great degree if wisdom be given him commensurate with his courage he may become the reconciler and the harmonizer.

Mid such extravagant praise and rhetorical exaggeration, which, alas! is too much the habit of all funeral orations,—as if the simple facts were not sufficiently impressive and death itself the most eloquent interpreter,—the most sagacious estimate and incisive comment of the lamented President that has come to our notice fell from the lips of his friend and once fellow laborer in Congress, Hon. George E. Adams, of Chicago, who said that "McKinley had a way of leaning upon public opinion, waiting upon its manifestation and following it when discovered, perhaps," he said, "not a good thing in a prophet or leader in thought, but a good thing in a President." In illustration of this estimate he ventured the opinion that the last speech of the President at Buffalo could not have been delivered six months earlier.

It is President Roosevelt's golden opportunity to do much towards making real and definite the general principles therein vaguely outlined, principles of reciprocity in trade, of international comity, of the open door and the open market, the triumphs of peace and not the triumphs of war. If the "strenuous life," which is the peculiar cry of our President, will only strive on these specific lines he will indeed prove equal to the greatest opportunities ever offered a President of the United States since the days of Abraham Lincoln.

Again it is the opportunity of President Roosevelt to ameliorate the results of armed invasion into foreign parts, to hold the United States to the best motives that inspired the lamentable destruction of life and property under the American flag in the islands of Cuba, Porto Rico and the far off Philippines.

President Roosevelt was an enthusiastic advocate of these wars. We believe that he was inspired by the ideals of democracy, that he believed the United States had something to give to these semi-tropical children, so valuable that it was worth the terrible cost. Now he has the opportunity beyond his expectations, of holding the United States to the high ministry of education, industrial and commercial energy and free institution which is their justification of the war. In order to do that he must beat back the greedy pack of commercial adventurers, save these islanders from the depredations of capitalistic sharpers and American speculators, remembering the oft repeated promise of "home government and native control." The United States cannot transplant New England life to Luzon, but President Roosevelt can do much towards allowing the citizens of Luzon to work out their own destiny with the minimum of outside trammel even as their kinsmen have so signally done in Japan. It is President Roosevelt's opportunity to try to prove the wisdom by proving the humanity of war in its latest and most humane manifestation, or failing this he can ameliorate the mistake and prove the purity of his own enthusiasm and his loyalty to his own ideals.

Again, President Roosevelt has a peculiar opportunity of proving his loyalty to democracy in its largest sense by doing what he can to recognize the valor, and the self-denying struggle, long drawn out of a feeble republic on the other side of the globe struggling with monarchical invaders. Whatever the complications of the past may have been, however the silence of our government in this matter in the past is justified, the time will come when the Republic of the United States must prove itself the friend of republicanism the world over, not by military intermeddlings but with the benigner persuasions of reason and love.

Once more it is the opportunity of Theodore Roosevelt to go on as he has so nobly begun, in the simplicity of democracy, fighting anarchy in the only way anarchy can be disarmed, by love, reason and justice. A President's life cannot be saved by doubling the guards and multiplying detectives, but it must be made safe by growing respect for law, increasing the number of law-abiding citizens, the contempt of the intelligent for those who condemn the established order of civilization represented by government and its statutes, whether that contempt be manifested in the secret chambers where meet the advocates of a mad philosophy or the more secret combines and conspiracies of silence of the tax evaders, the corruptors of legislators and the distractors of justice in the courts of justice.

Lastly, President Roosevelt has the opportunity of giving to us a postal savings bank system, which has been the rational cry of working men and women for many years, which is the proven wisdom of foreign powers. If we understand aright some recent utterances of President Roosevelt, he has heard this cry and recognizes its legitimacy. It may not be within

his power to bring this about, but the honor of asking for it and working for it may be his. In short, President Roosevelt has a noble opportunity of being a great as well as a good President.

Perhaps never was there a President inducted over a people so united in feeling and so ready to waive partisan prejudices and to subordinate partisan claims to the national good. Let all good men help President Roosevelt in his sincere effort to give us a high administration.

The President is dead! Long live the President!

The McKinley Memorial Meeting at McVicker's Theater.

This was the earliest general meeting arranged for by the general committee appointed by the officials of Chicago on the funeral day. It was planned for ten o'clock. An hour later another meeting was arranged for at the Masonic Temple. In the evening a great meeting was held in the Auditorium and on the Sunday following two great meetings were arranged for at the Coliseum, the afternoon meeting being for children and young people.

Manager Litt generously contributed the use of McVicker's Theater, and the quartette from the Chicago College of Music led the congregation in the singing of "Nearer, My God to Thee" and "America." The quartette sang "Abide With Me" and Charles Gautier and Herman Devries sang a duet with marvelous effect.

The doors of the theater were thrown open a quarter to ten and in less than fifteen minutes all the available space in the beautiful auditorium was crowded, and the managers closed the doors on a great throng which could have filled two or three similar auditoriums. Within and without it was a quiet, decorous, thoughtful crowd. Dr. Thomas presided. Rev. Hedley Hall made the prayer. Bishop Grant, of the African M. E. Church, who was advertised to be present, failed to appear, probably on account of the congestion on the street car or at the door. Below we print in full the addresses that were made, stenographically reported by Miss Mary Burroughs:

ADDRESS BY REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D.D.

Under whatever form it may come to some hearts or homes death brings sorrow. Coming by the cold, concealed and unexpected hand of violence and striking down the loved and loving president of our great republic the millions feel the shock and the shame, the loss and the sorrow. The millions of this land of the free mourn; and from the nations afar come words of deepest sympathy.

But there is another side of this sad scene. That which closes the gates of time opens the gates of the eternal; brings nearer and makes more real the unseen world and life just beyond.

Death translates, transfigures; of all love that for the dead, for the loved ones gone, is the greatest; rising above the contentions, the clouds and storms of earth, it is pure and changeless as the light of the stars.

Hence, it is natural, beautiful, that the living should idealize the dead; that a country should idealize its departed leaders, its patriots and statesmen. They are the transfigured expressions of a country's ideals. It is beautiful to make them better even than they were; for in life there was a better, a higher ideal, after which they aspired, "Not what I am, but what I aspired to be," is the real being; and it is this that we so easily and properly idealize in the individual and in the larger life of a country.

To the glory of man and of God it is the good only that is idealized, translated and transfigured. The evil dies; and with gladness be it said, that this land of the free has had noble ideals and that these have been the inspirations and blessings of its children.

Washington, the Father, and Lincoln, the Savior, of our country were great in the greatness of their ideals; and the hard battles and struggles of the people of this land have made the people great.

In these great hours of a nation's loss and sorrow we have forgotten our debates and the one thing heard from all hearts is that our martyred president was a good man; that he loved the people, loved his country, loved the right, loved God, and was trying to lead in ways that he and the majority of the people thought best. We admire greatness; we love the good.

The home is the unit of the nation; the source of its greatness; and the beautiful love and life of the McKinley home is that which endeared him to the millions. God grant it may lift higher and make diviner the life and love of every home between these great oceans.

The living should take up and carry forward the work of its fallen leaders. The life of William McKinley should make better and stronger the rising generations; and "Nearer My God To Thee" should be the prayer of the people. This discipline of sorrow should not be lost; material greatness is not all; one should look to the greatness of qualities—of minds and hearts; to the moral grandeurs of a nation.

Not excitement, but calmness, is the need of such a time; a great and noble resolve that our country shall be true to the principles of liberty; that our laws shall be so manifestly just to all that there can be no ground for complaint.

The public mind should somehow be relieved from the stress and strain under which all have been living; one must get away from the rule of force and the growing tendency to violence that are everywhere so apparent. Force begets force; violence provokes violence. Destructive anarchy must be punished; not in wrath or revenge; but as the solemn behest of justice. We must overcome evil with good; we should cultivate a higher respect for law, and a tender reverence for the sacredness of life. These are some of the lessons to be learned in the great hours of a nation's sorrow; the voices that speak from the silence of the grave.

ADDRESS BY REV. R. A. WHITE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is not the mind and the brain of America that are affected today so much as the American heart and the American sentiment. This nation from sea to sea and from lake to gulf with one accord bows itself at the altar of this great na-

tional grief, manifests its respect for our martyred President, and its sympathy for that quiet and modest home in a little village of a sister state.

Today a great calm is upon the people, but it is the calmness of grief. Never in its history has the nation carried itself with greater dignity, with more magnificent poise, or manifested better its inherent virtues of self-control and of self-balance than it has in these few days since the great disaster at Buffalo. Yet under all this calmness there is, I doubt not, much serious thinking, many conjectures as to what all this means. Why should this untoward thing have happened, and above all, why should it have happened here in America where we pride ourselves upon that liberty that giveth unto every man with reasonable limitations his individual rights and opportunities? A kind of weird presentiment gnaws, I suspect, at the heart of the nation, and we are wondering whether this deed at Buffalo is merely the blind deed of an isolated fanatic, or whether in any degree it is the expression of some deeper forces at work in certain local sections of our land, or even of forces and tendencies unconsciously existing throughout the nation? But it is the part of wisdom to find such comfort as we may in things painful, and the people are already beginning to feel that in this dastardly deed there are some compensations. At the heart of things there are divine forces moving onward toward the accomplishment of great ends. God working in the silence, and in the secrecy of the hidden things of the world, ever bringing through endless ages the imperfect farther toward the perfect. Our hope of progress, and the faith of the world, rests today upon the assumption that through the unseen forces of life the omnipotent Power above and within things turns even the forces of evil at last into a ministry for good. An assassin's bullet may become in the ordering of God a messenger of helpfulness to the American people.

Even for our martyred President there was some compensation in this assassin's shot. In the smoke and controvery of political life the character of this man as a man and an American citizen has been for the majority of the American people very largely obscured. We have known Mr. McKinley the President and we have honestly and fearlessly discussed his policies, as it is the right of every American citizen to do. But in the shadow of political polemics few of us, I expect, have had time or have thought it necessary to know Mr. McKinley the man. It was the lurid flash of an assassin's revolver that has lighted up the unseen elements of Mr. McKinley's character, and because he possessed so many of the virtues which American manhood and womanhood admire, has placed him in the temple of immortality. Strange are the ways of God. Here comes a man seeking to kill the President of the United States, and, lo! the deed that was intended to kill turns out to be the deed that immortalizes. Here is a man striking at the most sacred things in American life, striving, by killing its representative, to strike down, if possible, law and order in America; and, lo! by the strange and mysterious workings of that Spirit that neither slumbers nor sleeps, this man in his insane attempt to tear down law and order has done more to establish it upon an eternal basis, to awaken the mind and conscience of the American people to the absolute necessity of law and order to progress, and civilization, than a multitude of voices from platform or pulpit. Today, in the shadow of that national shame, the American people, bending in all sadness and grief by the distant bier of their martyred President, consecrate themselves anew to the maintenance now and forever of the very laws and institutions that this cowardly hand, and its fellow conspirators, if there were such, sought to strike down, and to cover with shame and dishonor.

Mr. McKinley shall not have died in vain if through his martyrdom there comes to the American people a new spirit of consecration, a new love for the old flag that our forefathers established in honor and in righteousness. Our President shall not have died in vain if America, looking into its inner consciousness and weighing anew its individual practices, shall see that the spirit of anarchy is not merely something manifesting itself in the alleys and the tenements of New York and Philadelphia, of San Francisco and of Chicago, not merely a hatred and contempt of law among those whom we call anarchists, but that anarchy is a spirit and that spirit is disrespect and disregard of law and order, no matter where it exists. It makes no difference, my friends, whether that hatred manifests itself down there in the dazed and bewildered brains of the men who struggle against their real or fancied wrongs, in those brains where throbs somewhat the torture of centuries of old-world tyranny, or whether in the practices of the top of society, it is still anarchy. Wherever any man, be he dressed in homespun or in the finest fabric of the looms, be he the poor wretch upon the street without a penny in his pocket or the millionaire in his office, wherever any man, by any means whatsoever under the sun, defies law, seeks to evade or break it, that man manifests the spirit of anarchy, and in the best definition of anarchy he is an anarchist, be he preacher, lawyer, business man, or politician.

Walking over the crest of Vesuvius, every now and then as you wind up through great sulphur fields to the top, by some broken bit of lava there will come to startle you a flash of smoke, a burst of flame. Small it is, yet it is indicative of the fact that away down there in the heart of the mountain, down in that under world of things is the great cauldron of fire and lava of which this little burst is but an expression.

We love America and her institutions; we believe in the American people. In our minds today there is not one iota of pessimism as to what America shall accomplish in the coming years along high and mighty lines. I do not speak, therefore, in the spirit of fear or criticism when I venture to say that there is altogether too much abroad in American life—in the top of society as well as at the bottom—an almost unconscious, not malicious, but nevertheless real carelessness and disrespect for law and order. The American people must think seriously about this.

One thing ere I close this informal speech needs a passing notice, and which it is a great pleasure, as we contemplate the life of our great American, to recall

today. Men will say that his greatest legacy to America was what he did through political and governmental policies for the nation itself. Others will call our attention to the beauty and glory of his home life, that has indeed seemed like a "lily with a heart of fire, the fairest flower in all this land"; but it seems to me that the noblest and sweetest legacy that William McKinley has left to the American people was manifested on that day when he fell back wounded and helpless and as we now know, dying, in the arms of an attendant. When the great multitude, frenzied with rage, reached out hands to kill and crush his cowardly assassin, he spoke sane words, which this tragedy has made to thrill all the land: "God forgive him"; "Do him no harm." This was not a defiance of law. He knew in that awful hour that this man must suffer for his crime by the laws of America; but he knew that the laws of America were framed not for revenge, but for defense and justice, and above all that might shame and dishonor those laws was the spirit of violence and wrong laid even upon the life of so dastardly an assassin.

My heart has been moved to pity by flashes here and there from high places of the spirit of revenge, of the very spirit of anarchy that we condemn. Men have risen up in the pulpits of Chicago and have said—they themselves consecrated to the sweet and gentle spirit of Jesus Christ—"Down to hell with the anarchist." A preacher stood in the very pulpit of the church of our martyred President at Washington, saying he himself was half converted to the philosophy of force; and, in private conversation, that had he been there, revolver in hand, he would have blown the head from this assassin. And here in Chicago reputable citizens have dared over their own signatures in the public press to ask ten thousand men to meet them at a given hour to lynch the anarchists of Chicago. Ten thousand men to disobey the laws of this city of ours! I venture to say that there is no voice strong enough, powerful enough, prominent enough, to call together ten thousand Chicago men for such a purpose. It might call together ten thousand Chicago savages, if they are here, but not the law-abiding citizens of Chicago. My friends, it is our business to deplore that spirit wherever it is manifested. Let the law in this land take its course. Let this man suffer as he ought to suffer for this crime, not merely because he is an anarchist, but because he is a criminal of the most cowardly type. But let the law maintain its poise, its dignity and its wholesomeness.

We cannot burn human beings at the stake in north and south in utter defiance of the laws of man and of God; we cannot disfranchise millions of men on account of race and color in defiance of the very constitution of the land; we cannot permit the tyranny of labor organizations over the individual preferences of the non-union worker, or the high-handed defiance of law on the part of aggregated capital; we respectable people cannot go on breaking laws right and left in a hundred insignificant ways and hope that any respect for law and order will long remain the dominating influence among the social outcasts of society. *Possibly America is in more danger today from the top of society in this matter of a reckless defiance of law than it is from the bottom.* "Down with anarchy!" is the present cry. So say we all. Down with the men who plot sedition and plan assassination as a means to the overthrow of government. Free speech does not mean license to preach death and revolution by brute force. If the men who so hate even our free government do not like our ways let them go back across the sea to the places from which the most of them came. But having said this, let us not think the duty ended. Nor let us salve our conscience when we shall have meted out a just punishment to this hare-brained assassin of a president, as though as a people we had nothing to answer for. More respect for law everywhere, and on the part of every one. The martyrdom of our typical American will not have been in vain if the national conscience shall have been stirred to its depths.

Which shall it be in America, now and always, the spirit of the preachers of revenge and lynching, or the spirit of William McKinley? The American nation, filling today its places of worship to overflowing, ought on bended knees to receive the benediction of the sweet spirit of its martyred president. Nineteen hundred years ago on Calvary's gloomy brow a man, with hands pierced with spikes and in his side the thrust of a spear, uttered those words of light which still reverberate across the stretches of time: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." At Buffalo a few days since another victim of fanaticism and hate voices anew the spirit of the sufferer of Calvary. Over the land the voice went. Above the breakers of Cape Ann men heard it, and where the sea sings about the Golden Gate the words were heard; under the gloomy forests of the north and in the sunny fields of the south men paused to listen. How it calmed the rising spirit of revenge, and before it the turbulent sea of passion grew still. Three small words, but they held the nation in poise as cordons of soldiers could not have done. Three small words, but they give to a man immortality. So they will swing on down the years, ministering as they go, "God forgive him"; "Do him no harm."

ADDRESS BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Let us think, if we can, of the solitudes of mighty forests; imagine as we may the majestic sweep of storm-driven clouds lit with the forked flame of lightning; let us recall the mystic roar of the tireless Niagara; climb in imagination the solitary heights of mountain fields; let the mind follow the measureless ranges of earth's great highlands, the Rockies, the Andes, the Himalayas, and still the sublimity and the solemnity of all these fade into insignificance compared with this more sublime and mystic manifestation of the life in common that summons a tearful nation around an open grave. There is no more forcible revelation of the divine Omnipotence himself than the revelation of a common life binding in the peaceful bonds of pity and sympathy vast areas of human life which a few days ago were torn and distracted by rival ambitions, antagonistic schemes and disturbing theories and creeds. Today all these are forgotten and the life of love and unity pulses through the one great Unity.

It was not William McKinley but the president of the United States that was aimed at by that disordered

brain and that confused and confounded conscience. Questions of administration, policies of war and peace remain as they were but the fell bullet did its work. Such questions cannot be settled by the explosion of a pistol. Honest and wise men must differ concerning these now as then. Wisdom, philosophy and experience must still bring their contributions deliberately and painfully to the solution of our national problems. But there did come a marvelous revelation with the explosion of that pistol at Buffalo.

First, it revealed the rotten logic of violence. It exposed the brutality of that system of ethics that seeks to right wrongs by perpetrating a greater wrong; that would aim to advance the ideals of peace and harmony by deeds of cruelty and coarseness.

That bullet made again another revelation in the presence of which today we stand tutored and awed into grateful reverence; i. e., the superficiality of the things that divide, the profundity of the things that unite. The things that mark you from your fellow are things of time, of tradition, of influence and of finite education. The things that bind you and me to all our fellows are divine, fundamental and eternal.

At other times in this assembly you might call the roll of nationalities and you would find patriotic response as the name of one nation after another was called. Wave at another time on this platform the colors of all the powers of Europe and each one would be greeted with huzzas by those who have reason to love it from the tuition of father and the nursing of mother's milk. At another time than this call the roll of the denominations and the sects, and each creed of Christendom, aye, most of the great faiths of the world would find devout followers willing to stand up and answer to the call. At another time, another man on this platform might with a few chosen words divide this audience on party lines and with the great traditions of party cries work it up into a fever of enthusiasm and antagonisms.

Today who dares perpetrate such an indignity upon this thoughtful and awe stricken company? Today who would be guilty of such atrocious vivisection of this community as to call the roll of nationalities, suggest the differences of creeds and sects or mention the preferences and prejudices of parties? Here, today, there are no Germans, no Irishmen, no Frenchmen and no Americans; here, today, there are no Jews or Catholics or Protestants; here, today, there are no republicans and no democrats. Here, today, there are but representatives of the great throbbing life of man; here, today, thank God, there is a band of brothers and sisters in the great family of humanity. By the side of this open grave we confess our kinship the one with the other from center to circumference of this great humanity.

Deplore we must the blindness and the crudeness of the fell deed. Pity we must—as our Brother White has just showed us—the disordered mind and bewildered conscience of the hand that did the deed. Now as on Calvary we are staggered by the great mystery and we must confess that the nineteen centuries of study and toil have not yet enabled us to answer the old, old question, "Who hath sinned, this man or his parents?" What streams of wrong, what tides of injustice, what rankling memories of cruelty may have become mixed in the blood of that poor dazed brother we know not, but we know this, that the uncovered heads of eighty millions of American citizens protest against his crude logic and deplore the fell consequences, but still, with him and his victim, the dead president, we confess our common kinship.

And so the third great revelation I say of that bullet is that violence is not the road to peace, that life cannot be made sacred by the sacrifice of life. The crowning lesson comes to us that after all, the sublimest revelations of life are the revelations of love and mercy. We are no longer individuals. That which is best and noblest in us cannot be identified with any fragmentary personality here gathered. We are becoming conscious of that life in common, that corporate being, that great humanity which rises above divisions and distinctions, which is ashamed of nationalities and climes in the greater joy of belonging to that great tide of divine life that is revealed in the onflowing sweep of centuries, that is measured by the agonies and tears of a generation. No longer are the sacred rivers confined to ancient lands and Asiatic territories, but the Ganges and the Jordan tell one story with the Thames and the Mississippi; and Mount Olivet and Sinai flash again the message that is returned from the heights of America and of Europe. By this great common service today the uncovered nation of America confesses its kinship with the suffering and the toiling world.

O fellow citizens of Chicago, let us cease our municipal boast. O fellow citizens of Illinois, let us eradicate the provincial conceit of our corn-growing state. O fellow citizens of the United States of America, let us no longer flaunt our flag in insolent opposition or in proud rivalry with the banners of other nations, for which millions have died. At the grave of our victim president let us bow our heads, confess our common humanity and consecrate ourselves to that gospel of love and good will that reaches from the murderer to the murdered, that holds out human arms of open sympathy for all the poor and stumbling children of God.

Let not this funeral service be a mockery to the cause it so serves. Let it be impressive but let it not be affected or sensational. Let us beware lest on the morrow we prove disloyal to this great inheritance of grief and sorrow by settling back into our meanness, selfishness, localisms and provincialisms. As we would be guided by this messenger of God we call death, let us take into our lives its revelations.

Death, however it comes and whenever it comes, is a revealer of the realities, a discloser of the permanent forces of life. It brings heart to heart and gives fellowship to the most lonely. Great lights and great darkness obscure things petty and conceal things near, and we are only conscious of the infinite spaces. When the near lights fail and familiar objects disappear and the things we boast of as ours are out of touch and out of sight then it is that the eternal spaces break upon our vision and mighty stars and countless worlds companion us.

So in this moment of night, in the grief of our beloved country, when for a time we lose sight of the petty things that we claim as ours and the "causes" we boast of as our own, then it is that the veil is opened and eternal principals, mighty loves, great prophets and prophetic lights appear.

Today we gratefully recognize an infinite element in our finite sorrow. We devoutly recognize that when our own short arms fail then it is that somehow or another the power of the infinite arm pours itself into our own arms. Then we lean upon the eternal and rest in his bosom.

May the peace which is his, the "peace that passeth understanding" come more and more consciously into our lives from this high ministration that reveals the life in common, pulsing through black and white, Jew and Gentile, foreign and native born, old and young.

Such is the revelation of death that ministers to us ever. Whether it be at the bedside of the suckling babe, which tares only the heart of a single mother, or at the grave side of a presdient of a great nation which causes unnumbered millions to uncover, the message is one, the ministration is one. The message is love, the ministration is peace and righteousness evermore.

A Reminiscence.

Sitting behind closed doors this early autumn day, a drizzling rain accentuating the sadness induced by the announcement in the morning papers of the death of President McKinley, the result of an assassin's bullet, my mind reverts to a time when—

"A man passed over the road
In the early days of spring,
When the grandest flower that ever bloomed
Was brightly blossoming.

"And never a word he spoke,
And his face was marble-cold.
But millions of men above him wept,
And a million bells were tolled.

"And cities were draped in black
And the towns were wrapped in gloom,
'For he is dead,' the people said,
'Who made the flower to bloom.'

"Down many a swarthy face
Unnumbered tear-drops flowed,
'For he is gone,' the bondman spoke,
'Who lifted our weary load.'

"And they builded him a tomb
Afar in the silent West,
And that beautiful flower which men call Peace
Spreads its leaves above his breast."

It was one day in early May when the beloved remains reached their destination in Springfield, Ill., over thirty-six years ago, but the memory of that sorrowful day will never be obliterated. Although the sun shone brightly after the showers of the preceding night, the air was heavy with silence and gloom as the slow-moving train, which had been heralded by a "pilot" five minutes before, bearing its precious burden, stood still in the midst of a sobbing mass of humanity. It seemed at least ten minutes before the slightest effort was made to remove the casket from the funeral car, while the people stood with bowed and uncovered heads. Not a loud word was spoken—no sound to break the awe-inspiring stillness save the half-suppressed sobs of women and children, while silent tears trickled down the cheeks of sun-browned men. Neighbors and friends—those who had been in sympathy with him through all the dark days of the rebellion and those who had censured, met upon the common plane of friendship and fealty to the man. It was a time when all differences were forgotten, and when God-like love swayed every heart. At length the funeral cortege took up its line of march to the old capitol, followed by the people who would not lose sight of their beloved dead, and all that day and until ten o'clock on the day following the public square around the old building and adown the four streets leading thereto the crowd surged and waited patiently; while all night long the sound of tramping feet was heard upon the pavement as the weary night watches wore away. The desire manifested to once more look upon their beloved townsman was unparalleled, and ere it was light the throng was pressing for admittance to the Hall of Representatives, where the remains lay in state. The sight of such devotion was most impressive, and never shall I forget the unspeakable dignity and majesty of that calm, sad face. An unfathomable sense of power still rested upon his rugged features, but bearing the impress of years of anxiety and honest faithfulness to his country and its laws.

One other feature of that sad occasion comes to me with startling vividness. As they were preparing to leave the capitol for Oak Ridge cemetery a choir of two hundred and fifty voices, led by Lebrun's band of St. Louis, sang "Peace, Troubled Soul" with indescribable effect. It seemed to spell "Oh, Grave, where is thy victory? Oh, Death, where is thy sting?" And a halo of harmony settled upon the heads of that vast audience and bade it "be still."

All this I bring to mind and my heart is heavy with grief. And yet the poor ill-starred wretch that laid our hero low was more to be pitied than he; and could those silent lips have voiced his wish I doubt not his prayer would have been, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

So of this untutored and misguided creature of today. What merciless wave of cruelty must have passed over his spirit to have induced him to commit this great crime! It might well be asked, How much was cause and how much effect? But now, as then, let us pray with the good Bishop Simpson: "Father in Heaven, we ask Thy blessing upon all those who are endeavoring today to secure the public interest against the hands of the assassin. Let Thy justice, Thy power and righteousness speedily rid the nation of those lusts out of which all these evils arise, and the Union rise up out of this great trial, and become a light among the nations of the earth in all future time.

C. M. G.

JANESVILLE, Sept. 14, 1901.

Once in a While.

Once in a while the sun shnies out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold
Once in a while.

—*Nixon Waterman in Boston Transcript.*

Louis G. Janes.

The *Boston Evening Transcript* for Monday, September 9th, is before us. It contains an account of the touching memorial service held at the Studio House on Brattle Street, Cambridge, for Dr. Lewis G. Janes, who organized the Cambridge Conferences that for the last five years have attracted so much attention among the thoughtful. As was most fitting, his long-time friend and pastor, John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, made the initial address. He told of how Dr. Janes' class in connection with his Church grew into the Brooklyn Ethical Association of which Dr. Janes was the President. Henry Hoyt Moore of that association also spoke. Ednah D. Cheney sent a letter. Charles Molloy and other friends and workers at Greenacre spoke, as did Rabbi Fleischer of Boston, and James H. West read a tribute in verse, which we print entire, as also the larger part of the biographical sketch furnished by "W. S. K." in the *Transcript*.

As the pain of the heart slowly takes counsel of the judgment we realize more and more the loss that has come to the cause of universal religion in his death. As director of the Cambridge Conference in the winter season, of the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion in the summer time, as President of the Free Religious Association, and as the eastern Director of the Congress of Religion to whom was given the opportunity of giving the most active and efficient co-operation, he leaves a vacant place which to human eyes seems likely to go unfilled. To all these positions only one with large faith in the future, with a joy in the intellectual life and a devoted student of the humanities is eligible.

From The Boston Transcript of September 9, 1901.

What may be regarded as the most pathetic incident in the history of Greenacre, most famous of all summer schools, was the passing away of Dr. Lewis G. Janes, who had rendered such valuable assistance in building up that delightful resort until it had become, as it were, the very center of the intellectual world; for there, year by year, assembled the exponents of the great religious and philosophical systems from all parts of the world. It is no exaggeration to say that it would be next to impossible, anywhere but at Greenacre, to get together so many representatives of different races and systems of belief. The very atmosphere of the pine groves, meadows and river seems to possess that peculiar magnetic property which attracts the finest intellectual minds from all parts of the world, and inspires them with a desire to assist others to a share of those rare things which are so conducive to the development of the higher life in man.

And for several years it had been Dr. Janes' privilege to undertake the arrangements for securing the presence of representative men and women from all parts of the world, who should contribute, by lecture and address, to the benefit of all those who, year by year, enrolled themselves as students in the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion.

How he succeeded is well known to the hundreds who have been privileged to enjoy the advantages thus offered, and the memory of the excellent work will linger in the minds of men and women all over the world for years to come.

Lewis G. Janes was a man whose rare intellectual attainments and broad catholic spirit fitted him most admirably for being the leader of such a movement, and he has left behind him a reputation such as few men of our time have won in the great and expanding field of liberal religion and reverent free thought.

He was born in the city of Providence fifty-seven years ago, his parents being people of broad and liberal views in religion and all subjects affecting the well-being of society. What is more, they were enthusiastic Abolitionists, and their home was one of the well-known stations on the line of the famous underground railway system, along which so many former slaves traveled on their way from bondage to freedom. They were also great friends of Frederick Douglass. He was a pupil in the grammar and high schools, from the latter of which he graduated and subsequently broke down in health while preparing for college. This necessitated his going to New York city, where he became interested in what was known as the Butler Health Lift.

Early in life, being of studious habits, Dr. Janes mapped out for himself a literary career, and into such a career he gradually settled as he regained health and strength. Having become a resident in the city of Brooklyn, he identified himself with Rev. J. W. Chadwick's church, and in the Sunday school there he took charge of an adult Bible class, which became so large and was attended by so many earnest seekers after truth that the class grew into the famous and successful Brooklyn Ethical Culture Association. Dr. Janes became president and his position afforded him splendid opportunities for preparing and presenting many addresses bearing on the religious, philosophical, sociological and political life of the community. He was always a close and fearless student of the theory of evolution, so that when, during the holding of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago during the World's Fair, a course of meetings was held for the consideration of the subject of evolution, Dr. Janes was invited to preside at the meetings, which he did with rare tact and sound judgment. His writings on evolution have been read with so much interest everywhere that he was recognized as second only to the late John Fiske as an authority in that particular field of thought, and on the death of Fiske quite recently, students of evolution naturally considered Dr. Janes his only legitimate successor as the leading American exponent of that system of thought and belief.

For many years Dr. Janes was one of the most active members of the Free Religious Association, as were his parents before him, and on the retirement of Colonel T. W. Higginson from the presidential chair, Dr. Janes was appointed his successor.

Nor was he less interested in the work of the Congress of Religion. During the past few years he has done much to make that congress a great power in the world, and has taken a prominent part in the meetings which have been held at the various expositions, including the Paris Exposition last year.

Five years ago he took up his residence in Cambridge where he founded and directed the now well-known Cambridge conferences which were held through the winter months; while his splendid work as director of the Monsalvat School at Greenacre, every summer during the same term of years, has won for him a fine reputation throughout the world and endeared him to all who have been privileged to attend those unique gatherings.

Among the best-known works of which Dr. Janes was the author are: "A Study of Primitive Christianity," "A Life of Samuel Gorton, a Forgotten Founder of Our Liberties," "Health and a Day," the last quite recently published and one of the most helpful works now in the hands of the reading public.

It has been stated that Dr. Janes was formerly an instructor at Brown University, but that is incorrect. Some years ago, in recognition of his public work, he was honored with the degree of M. A., which was conferred by Brown University.

The report of his death will be received with unfeigned regret by men and women throughout the world. The sad event occurred almost concurrently with the closing of a successful season at Greenacre. Dr. Janes and his family had spent the summer there, and a few weeks ago he was overtaken by the sickness which terminated fatally on Wednesday afternoon at Oaklea, Greenacre, Me.

On Friday afternoon a beautiful and impressive service was held at Oaklea, the assembled friends being gathered on the lawn, the exercises being held practically out of doors and were in harmony with all that is done at Greenacre, where communion with nature is a fundamental part of the work.

Amid beautiful shrubs and flowers the mortal remains of Dr. Janes lay in repose, while the exercises were conducted by friends and coworkers. Rev. F. Newton, Congregational minister of Eliot, read portions of Scripture and offered prayer; Rev. W. S. Key of Winthrop delivered an eulogistic address; Professor Jean Dubuy read selections from the Hindu classics, and Miss Emma Thursby and Misses Clare and Dame.

Sunday afternoon at four o'clock the final service was conducted at the Studio House, Brattle Street, Cambridge, by Rev. J. W. Chadwick of Brooklyn; the remains were cremated, in accordance with Dr. Janes' last wishes. W. S. K.

Louis G. Janes—1844-1901.

A Tribute by James H. West.

Not waiting for the evening's shades to swell,
Sometimes at noon she rings her curfew-bell—
The solveless Mother of whose "hours" we prate,
Though in her years is neither soon nor late.
But though his dust lies now amid the flowers,
His thought persists—his living words are ours!

His livings words are ours, and show the way
To Freedom and to earth's more glorious day;
His potent words—with manly impulse fraught,
And pointing to the ever-widening *Ought;*
His solvent words—with Nature's meaning rife,
And throbbing with the true Eternal life.

He asked the universe for what it had,
And held its tenure to be good, not bad.
In ferns and fauna he read things To Be;
The stars held strains of secret minstrelsy.
He loved her much, and Nature did not mock,
But fed him manna even from the rock.

But higher yet he sought his loftier theme,
And roved in earth's best groves of Academe.
The wisdom of the Past he made his own—
All that mankind had dreamed, or guessed, or known,
And with the scholar's grace and sage's art
Laid bare its promise for the human heart.

Around his board he gathered with delight
The dusky face with Eastern radiance bright,
The traveled sage from Europe's groaning lands,
The Islander outstretching hopeful hands;
And from the lips of each and all he heard
The world's one searching, all-embracing Word.

That Word was Freedom! and he sought to trace
How freedom might be won for all the race.
For him no freedom was while some were bound;
Freedom meant Freedom all the world around.
So, foremost still, his Word to us comes down:
"Freedom for all men, white or black or brown."

And not alone his living word was high:
His word was lofty when he came to die.
He spoke of beauty, whispered of the light,
And full of courage entered on the Night,
Content to know whatever lay before
Would be in line with Nature's finest store.

His dying word: "Still beauty reigns on earth—
Let beauty also in the soul have birth!"
His dying word—so like his own rich life,
That sought the noble, shunned the needless strife,
And by his public voice and private pen
Brought strength and beauty to the lives of men!

O Steadfast soul! in whatsoever star
Or realm of ether thou today afar
Dost wander—or unseen beside us stand—
The world still hears thine accents of command;
And as a ripple widens o'er the sea,
So yet shall spread thy faithful ministry.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Born in New York in 1859. Was graduated at the Normal College of New York and appointed instructor in English literature there. Has published two volumes of verse, "Oberon and Puck: Verses Grave and Gay," 1885; "The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems," 1891. As a poet she has sincerity and strength united with artistic and womanly feeling.

Thisbe.

The garden within was shaded,
And guarded about from sight;
The fragrance flowed to the south wind,
The fountain leaped to the light.

And the street without was narrow,
And dusty, and hot, and mean;
But the bush that bore white roses,
She leaned to the fence between:

And softly she sought a crevice
In the barrier blank and tall,
And shyly she thrust out through it
Her loveliest bud of all.

And tender to touch, and gracious,
And pure as the moon's pure shine,
The full rose paled and was perfect—
For whose eyes, for whose lips, but mine!

The Last Cup of Canary.

Sir Harry Lovelock, 1645.

So, the powder's low and the larder's clean,
And surrender drapes, with its blacks impending,
All the stage for a sorry and sullen scene:
Yet indulge me my whim of a madcap ending!

Let us once more fill, ere the final chill,
Every vein with the glow of the rich canary!
Since the sweet hot liquor of life's to spill,
Of the last of the cellar what boots be chary?

Then hear the conclusion: I'll yield my breath,
But my leal old house and my good blade never!
Better one bitter kiss on the lips of Death
Than despoiled Defeat as a wife forever!

Let the faithful fire hold the walls in ward
Till the roof-tree crash! be the smoke once riven
While we flash from the gate like a single sword,
True steel to the hilt, though in dull earth driven!

Do you frown, Sir Richard, above your ruff,
In the Holbein yonder? My deed ensures you!
For the flame like a fencer shall give rebuff
To your blades that blunder, you Roundhead boors, you!

And my ladies, a-row on the gallery-wall,
Not a sing-song sergeant or corporal sainted
Shall pierce their breasts with his puritan ball,
To annul the charms of the flesh, though painted!

I have worn like a jewel the life they gave;
As the ring in mine ear I can lightly lose it.
If my days be done, why, my days were brave!
If the end arrive, I as master choose it!

Then fill to the brim and a health, I say,
To our liege King Charles, and I pray God bless him!
'Twould amend worse vintage to drink dismay
To the clamorous mongrel pack that press him!

And a health to the fair women, past recall,
That like birds astray through the heart's hall flitted;
To the lean devil Failure last of all,
And the lees in his beard for a fiend outwitted!

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN. The greatest love looks for the highest good of its object.
MON. When a woman loves, her soul is the power-house, and its radiance is sent through her whole being.
TUES. By your capacity for living will your achievements be measured.
WED. No purpose or object can resist the influence of a great and persistent love, any more than the needle can resist the pole.
THURS. With every loving thought we rise one step nearer divinity.
FRI. Love makes the timid brave and the brave timid.
SAT. Love is the breath of God. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

As tender mothers quieting baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on;
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond all sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And thanking God, press on to overtake?
—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

A Novel Checker-Board.

The prettiest kind of a story of Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and a little girl friend in Oxford comes from *Good Words.* She was a sensitive little girl, rather fastidious in her tastes, and was made quite unhappy one winter by having to wear a frock she did not like—a wool of a large checked pattern in light blue and light drab.

One day, when she was going with her father to pay a visit to Mr. Dodgson, she was put into the hated dress, and in spite of protests and tears was forced to wear it. When she got to her friend's house her tears were dried, but her eyes were still red, and it was not long before she had opened her full heart.

"But it seems a nice, warm dress, Alice," Mr. Dodgson said.

"It is warm," she admitted, with overflowing eyes.

Then, seeing her grief, Mr. Dodgson drew her kindly to him and told her a lovely story of the sheep and the fleece; the washing of the wool; the carding and the spinning; the shuttle and the click, click of the looms; the thickening of the cloth, and then how it was packed for the shops and sold.

The story was so interesting that the little girl's tears had quite disappeared by the time it was finished, and she patted the front of her despised frock with a new interest.

"I shall like it better now, and I won't be silly any more," she said, bravely.

"There are lots of little girls in the world, Alice, who would like to have a warm, useful dress like yours. And not only is it useful, it is very amusing; at least, you might make it so."

"How?" she cried. "Tell me, please."

"You shall see," Mr. Dodgson said, laughing, as he brought out from a drawer a draft-board and men, also a square drawing-board, which he told her to put under the skirt of her dress. Then, Alice sitting on one little stool, he on another, they played a most novel game of drafts on the large blue and drab squares of her dress. It was a splendid game, and she won it, and her father laughed and said:

"It was a grand idea to turn her into a real walking draft-board!"

She forgot all her troubles and was quite merry, and often afterward Mr. Dodgson would say: "Put on the blue and gray frock, Alice, when you come for a game of drafts."—*Youth's Companion.*

His "Sunflower" Face.

Few men have had the fortune to possess a countenance as obviously and entirely representative of their character as was that round, beaming, benevolent visage, a cross between that of an infant and a farmer from Wayback, which all America once knew as Horace Greeley's. Crowned with a hat which could not by any possibility be mistaken for the head-wear of any one but its owner, set in a reverend fringe of white whiskers, and adorned with large, gleaming glasses through which peered a pair of mild, blue eyes, shrewd and twinkling in expression at one moment, helpless and appealing the next, no one who had once seen Mr. Greeley, or even a good portrait of him, was likely to forget or mistake his distinctive physiognomy.

In the earlier days of his editorial fame, however, it was less universally known than later, and amusing tales were current in the *Tribune* office of its first effect upon strangers. One brilliant writer, afterward one of Greeley's right-hand men, paused on the threshold on his first visit to the editorial sanctum, where Mr. Greeley, perched on a tall stool, was busily scribbling, and whispered to his guide:

"You don't mean to tell me that's Greeley—that nice old baby in the high chair? Good gracious!"

Another effective description was that of a needy son of the Emerald Isle who had sought a humble job about the place, and accidentally encountering Mr. Greeley in the corridor, without knowing who he was, had the good fortune to be questioned by him personally, and finally engaged. As he went about his work, one of his new comrades joked him about his luck in dealing directly with the chief. The grateful Irishman opened his eyes wide, and burst into picturesque speech.

"Sure, and was that himself?" he cried, eagerly. "Was that Mr. Greeley—him wid the face like a blissed ould sunflower wid a shmile on it? Meself wud be calling down the blessings of Hivin on his head, if they weren't there already as plain to behould as his whiskers!"

It was an expressive tribute to a countenance radiant with good-will.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Sensible Horse.

A remarkable instance of equine sagacity was exhibited this morning, which comes to us testified to by several reliable witnesses. Thomas Drummond, a teamster in our city, owns a horse which has been afflicted with lameness for two or three weeks past. This morning Mr. Drummond turned him out upon the common, hoping that fresh air and exercise would benefit the animal. Upon gaining his liberty, the crippled horse hobbled along on three legs direct to the blacksmith shop of William Eager, entered the shoeing department, and stood there holding up his injured foot, with his head turned and his eyes intelligently fixed upon Mr. Eager. This peculiar act on the part of the brute attracted Mr. E's attention, and induced him to examine the foot held invitingly up for inspection. The result of that examination was the discovery of a long nail driven into the frog, which was the cause of the lameness. Of course Mr. Eager removed the nail. Mr. Drummond generally had his horses shod at Mr. Eager's shop, and the suffering brute undoubtedly reasoned that this was the place for him to go to get relief. Equine intelligence, according to the common acceptation of the term, is not so rare, but when a horse deliberately concocts and executes a plan for relieving his injured foot of a rusty nail, he certainly can lay claim to a small portion of the reasoning faculties which are supposed to elevate the human race above the level of brutes.—*Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.*

The Spring Beauties.

The Puritan Spring Beauties stood freshly clad for church;
A Thrush, white-breasted, o'er them sat singing on his perch.
"Happy be! for fair are ye!" the gentle singer told them,
But presently a buff-coat Bee came booming up to scold them.
"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maid, beware of vanity!"
Grumbled out the buff-coat Bee,
Half parson-like, half soldierly.

The sweet-faced maidens trembled, with pretty, pinky blushes,
Convinced that it was wicked to listen to the Thrushes;
And when, that shady afternoon, I chanced that way to pass,
They hung their little bonnets down and looked into the grass.
All because the buff-coat Bee
Lectured them so solemnly:
"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maids, beware of vanity!"

Parents and Children.

The first, best gift a man can give to his children is a clean, sound, physical organization, inherited from parents of physical, mental and moral soundness and cleanliness in the sight of God. This is the basis upon which a well balanced, well developed mental and moral nature is conditioned.

Granted that the child has been thus endowed with a good physical organization, capable of doing some life work worth doing, what is the parents' obligation toward such a child?

No man overstrains a colt if he wishes it to be a valuable horse. He asks it to bear only a colt's burdens. When relieved from burden bearing it is allowed to run free, to gallop around the pasture, to fill its lungs and race about till circulation is full and restored to its normal condition. Is a growing girl, just maturing into womanhood, of less value than a colt?

The years between twelve and twenty are the most precious years for study. The mind that is not trained then is never what it ought to have been. Let me remind you again that unless a colt is trained while it is a colt it will never be a valuable horse. It is lamentably true that the girl who does not get her education largely before twenty is never thoroughly educated. Bring your children into contact with all the manifold interests brought into the curriculum of a good school today, that they may discover their natural bent and choose the life work they were meant to do. Give all the children in your family a fair chance. Sometimes the older children are sent away if there are younger ones at home to help. More frequently, perhaps, the oldest daughter or son must help at home until it is too late and then when they see the younger ones more favored the poverty and bitterness of their own lot drives the iron into their souls, and family divisions ensue. Give the oldest the first chance, but with it teach the responsibility the chance throws upon them toward the younger members of the family.

Above all the children should have training in obedience to a legally constituted authority, an authority exercised in love, but a firm, real authority; such a home government as shall fit them for their life work because it has trained their wills into a noble submission to a higher will. Submission is not easy even to the most devoted. But we must submit over and over again and if your rule has been so wise, so firm, so loving, that your children render to you prompt cheerful, loving obedience, you have given them a better inheritance than houses and lands.—*Ida M. Gardner, in the Freeport Weekly Journal.*

Its way of suffering is the witness which a soul bears to itself.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

SHREVEPORT, LA.—We have dwelt elsewhere upon what seems to us the primal revelation and the highest lesson of the sad experience through which we as a nation have recently passed, the revelation of the life in common and the lesson o funity. A local paper from this far ff southern city lies befre us containing the account of the memorial services held in this little southern city. The proceedings show not only the forgetting of political lines and party animosity but the overcoming of the stil deeper prejudices of theological differences and church antagonisms. Rabbi Jacobson, a Jew, from the platform on which stood Christian ministers and orthodox orators, said: "The others who are with me on this program call themselves by the same religious name as the dead, but they differ from him in their political creed. Politically, his creed is mine. You call William McKinley a Christian gentleman. If in this connection you mean to abey all sectarian significance, and would imply in the term only the moral grandeurs and graces of our president, then, let me say, I like the term Christian, nay, I thoroughly love it, and Jew though I am and Jew though I ever shall be, still I pray that you who put such meaning into this word Christian may yet find me, too, worthy in your esteem to be called by it."

OUR JEWISH CO-RELIGIONISTS.—This is the Jewish anniversary season, their religious New Year, their ecclesiastical Christmas season, and great activity is manifested on the part of our Jewish exchanges. At Pittsburg the Jews have dedicated a new temple which must be of notable proportions, $117,300 being realized in one day from the sale of pews. It was the occasion of a congress of Rabbis and *The Jewish Criterion* in handsome holiday dress is made respjlendent with the faces of the leading rabbis of America. The anniversary number of *The Jewish Spectator*, published in New Orleans and Memphis, comes to us also in brilliant holiday dress, containing as an initial number the New Year's sermon of Rabbi M. P. Jacobson, who has transferred his ministry from Chicago to Shreveport. *The Jewish Chronicle* of Mobile for September 20, contains the valedictory of Dr. Schanfarber, who transfers his editorial energies from this child of his brain to the pages of the Chicago *Reform Advocate*. In this paper Dr. Jacobson has rather a hot editorial on what he calls "Our Holiday Hold-up," in which he condemns the commercial methods of selling seats and advertising the "charity" seats, "conditioning the holiday," he says, "by either pay or pauperism." "This custom," he says, "is partly justified by the race limitation of their constitoency." This startling sentence we suspect is true in its financial implication however much it needs modifying in its modest estimate of the preaching power of the synagogue: "Every member of the synagogue pays more for bad preaching than any member of the church pays for good preaching."

Foreign Notes.

REVUE DE MORALE SOCIALE.—Attention has already been drawn in these notes to this excellent quarterly, so little known as yet on this side the Atlantic. Each time that a number of it comes to hand one wishes anew that it might in some way be brought more within the circle of American acquaintance and interests. That this wish is reciprocated on the part of those directly interested in the publication of the *Revue*, I have reason to know from personal correspondence. The obstacles to such acquaintance are, however, great. When to the limited constitoency which its lines of thought and investigation can as yet hope to interest, are added the difficulties of an unfamiliar tongue and the multiplicity

of publications offered to us in our own, it is easy to see that the introduction of this foreign candidate for our favor and co-operation will proceed but slowly and chiefly as a result of personal effort. The average American has not the opportunities for acquiring, still less for mastering by constant exercise, other living languages than his own, which are so naturally, one might almost say inevitably, presented to oor Swiss confreres, for example. There are doubtless many among us who could fervently echo the expression of a trained minister of the gospel, an ex-missionary and a man keenly alive to the importance of modern social questions: "I would give all my knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit and the rest for a good working knowledge of one of the languages of modern Europe!" The rudiments indeed are acquired in high school, college and university, but afterward in the pressure of daily life one seems "to get so much more in reading English." Time is a great element in our busy lives and so whole realms of stimulating and kindred thooght become closed to us. That was a wise saying of Mrs. Whitney that the character of our lives largely depends on what we "let get crowded out." To those who would fain hold fast the key to other thought and action than our own which command of another language offers, I would say, as to the friend above quoted, subscribe for the foreign organ of some cause you are interested in, and your very interest in the subject will help you to grasp the idiom.

But this is a digression. To come back to the *Revoe de Morale Sociale,* the articles offered in its June number are not all of equal interest to Americans. The sketch of a new marriage code, for instance, being a study pretty closely confined to the existing French code and conditions would interest but a limited circle among us; and the same might be true, though to a less extent of the study on Women and the stage, or the theatrical life for women. Not so, however, with the first article: An Essay in Social Education, by L. Ferrière. Still less can one be indifferent to Albert Heim's address to the students of the Polytechnikum and the University of Zurich, on The Sexoal Life of Man from the Standpoint of Natural Evolution. Here are statements clear, direct, earnest and well-founded that one wishes every young man might hear or read. It is cheering to know that this address to the student body was delivered at the request of the young men themselves, and one can imagine with what satisfaction the brave Zwingli, remembering the struggles, temptations and partial defeat of his own youth, would endorse such teaching could he still speak to the yooth of that city where he best years were spent.

Dr. Heim is professor of geology and paleontology. He speaks therefore from the standpoint of the scientist, not from that of the expounder of a theoretical or abstract code of morals. Basing his argument on the teaching of nature in all the realms of organized life below man he concludes: "Constancy in union, the family, are not then products of human civilization; they are found among the higher animals living in liberty; they have been developed little by little and transmitted to man by heredity." One is reminded, in reading Dr. Heim's demonstration, of the ostrich farm at the Pan-American, where many a visitor has been touched this summer by the attendant's testimony to the life-long constancy of these great awkward birds to their mates.

"Sexual relations outside of marriage were never intended by nature; one can only see in them a deplorable deviation of civilization, a sad mistake. The more intense the sexoal desire, the greater the pleasure associated with its satisfaction, the more nature has set for it distinct and narrow bounds, in order to give it a character more sacred and more noble."

On the other hand nature has still more forcibly marked out her law of life in this respect by punishing with terrible and dread diseases infractions of the same. Students of evolution find that nature permits no permanent retrogression, that persistent deviations from her upward path can end but in extinction, and from the standpoint of the scientist history itself teaches that the penalty for non-observance of the moral law implanted in the very nature and being of man is decline and death.

Space fails to develop the thought of Dr. Heim as he brings it home to the young men who are to be fathers of the coming generation, but it is an address it is good to read. Its teaching is sopplemented in another part of the magazine by the review of a published address by Dr. Max Gruber at the University of Vienna on Prostitution from the tSandpoint of Social Hygiene. In this review are given some statistics as to venereal diseases in the armies, among the working men, the waitresses and the students of various nations or cities of Europe which led Prof. Gruber and certain other German university professors to address an earnest warning and appeal to the youth of their universities. This appeal calls attention to the fact that thousands of experiments fail to show any injury physical or mental due to abstinence, and describes on the other hand those that may result from venereal infection. This appeal, strictly hygienic and medical in its standpoint, is signed by Professors Dr. Buchner (Munich), Esmarch (Gottingen), Finkler (Strasburg), Fraenkel (Halle), Gartner (Jena), Gaffky (Greifswald), Neisser (Breslau), L. Pfeiffer (Rostock), R. Pfeiffer (Koenigsberg), Prausnitz (Gratz), Schotelius (Fribourg in B.), Wyb (Zurich).

"This unanimity," says the reviewer, "is indeed impressive and offers food for reflection to those triflers who are fond of claiming that savants are far from being in agreement on the sexual question."

Similar in its nature is an appeal from the central committee of the German Women's Union addressed to the teachers and professors of the country reminding them of their responsibility for the education of its sons and praying that these may be forewarned against temptation. This appeal is signed in the name of 50,000 German women, by Mesdames Aug. Schmidt (Leipzig), Anna Schepeler-Lette (Berlin), A. Simson (Breslau), H. Bieber-Boehm (Berlin), Aog. Forster (Cassel), Betty Nane (Munich), and others. M. E. H.

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